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RETSCH'S

SERIES OF OUTLINES,

ENGRAVED BY HENRY MOSES,

TO

FRIDOLIN

OR THE

ROAD TO THE IRON FOUNDERY;

A BALLAD,

BY F. SCHILLER.

WITH A TRANSLATION BY J. P. COLLIER, Esq.

AUTHOR OF THE POETICAL DECAMERON.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY SEPTIMUS PROWETT, 269, STRAND.

1824.

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FROM THE DESIGNS OF RETSCH.

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DER GANG NACH DEM EISENHAMMER.

BALLADE.

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BALLADE.

VON F. SCHILLER.

I.

Ein frommer Knecht war Fridolin,
Und, in der Furcht des Herrn,
Ergeben der Gebieterin,
Der Gräfin von Savern.
Sie war so sanft, sie war so gut,
Doch auch der Launen Uebermuth
Hätt' er geeifert zu erfüllen,
Wit Freudigkeit, um Gottes willen.

FRIDOLIN,

THE ROAD TO THE IRON-FOUNDERY.

A BALLAD.

BY F. SCHILLER.

I.

A pious youth was Fridolin,
And strove, through God, to learn
The way his Mistress' love to win,
The Lady of Savèrn.
She was so gentle, and so good,
Had she e'er shewn a wayward mood,
To please her he no less had striven
With joy, and for the sake of Heaven.

II.

Früh von des Tages erstem Schein
Bis spät die Vesper schlug,
Lebt er nur ihrem Dienst allein,
That nimmer sich genug.
Und sprach die Dame, "mach dir's leicht!"
Da wurd' ihm gleich das Auge feucht,
Und meinte, seiner Pflicht zu fehlen,
Durft' er sich nicht im Dienste qualen.

III.

Drum vor dem ganzen Dienertross
Die Gräfin ihn erhob,
Aus ihrem schönen Munde floss
Sein unerschöpftes Lob.
Sie hielt ihn nicht als ihren Knecht,
Es gab sein Herz ihm Kindesrecht,
Ihr klares Auge mit Vergnügen
Hing an den wohlgestalten Zügen.

II.

From the first gleam of morn until
With vespers day withdrew,
He only liv'd to do her will,
Enough he could not do.
" Be not so anxious," should she cry,
The tear would start into his eye :
He thought him wanting in his duty
Did he not toil to tend her beauty.

III.

Therefore above the household all
Him did his lady raise,
And from her lovely lips would fall
His unexhausted praise.
As her own child, and not as Page,
Did he his lady's heart engage,
While her bright eyes with purest pleasure
Upon his features dwelt at leisure.

IV.

Darob entbrennt in Roberts Brust,
Des Jägers, gift'ger Groll,
Dem längst von böser Schadenlust
Die schwarze Seele schwoll.
Und trat zum Grafen, rasch zur That,
Und offen des Verführers Rath,
Als einst vom Jagen heim sie kamen,
Streut' ihm ins Herz des Argwohns Samen:

V.

"Wie seid ihr glücklich, edler Graf,"
Hub er voll Arglist an,
"Euch raubet nicht den goldnen Schlaf
Des Zweifels gift'ger Zahn:
Denn ihr besitzt ein edles Weib,
Es gürtet Scham den keuschen Leib,
Die fromme Treue zu berücken
Wird nimmer dem Versucher glücken."

IV.

But in the huntsman Robert's breast
The poison rankled fell
Of deadly hate of what was best,
And made his black soul swell.
He rashly play'd the traitor's part,
And strew'd upon his Master's heart
Suspicion's seeds, with envy burning,
As from the chase they were returning.

V.

Thus wily spake he:---"In good sooth,
My Lord, I hold thee blest:
Thou never feel'st doubt's poison'd tooth
Disturb thy golden rest:
Thou hast a Lady chaste as high,
Whose life is girt by purity;
Seducers' efforts ne'er were vainer
Than if they idly strove to gain her."

VI.

Da rollt der Graf die finstern Brau'n:
"Was redst du mir Gesell?
Werd' ich auf Weibestugend baun,
Beweglich wie die Well?
Leicht locket sie des Schmeichlers Mund,
Mein Glaube steht auf festerm Grund,
Vom Weib des Grafen von Saverne
Bleibt, hoff' ich, der Versucher ferne."

VII.

Der andre spricht: "So denkt ihr recht.
Nur euren Spott verdient
Der Thor, der, ein geborner Knecht,
Ein solches sich erkühnt,
Und zu der Frau, die ihm gebeut,
Erhebt der Wünsche Lüsternheit"—
"Was?" fällt ihm jener ein und bebet,
"Redst du von einem, der da lebet?"

VI.

His Master roll'd his darkling eyes :---
" Thy speech, my friend, is strange !
Who upon woman's vows relies
When like the waves they change ?
Still flattery has a winning sound !
My faith is built on firmer ground:
My wife, I trust, needs no resistance,
From all such dangers kept at distance !"

VII.

Robert return'd :—" It merits scorn ;
Thou'rt right I must aver :
Yet still a menial, lowly born,
Dares even think of her.
Ay, to thy wife, whom he obeys,
His base desires presumes to raise."
"What!" cried Savèrn, with passion trembling,
" And lives he there ?---Nay, no dissembling !"

VIII.

"Ja doch, was aller Mund erfüllt,
Das bärg' sich meinem Herrn?
Doch, weil ihr's denn mit Fleiss verhüllt,
So unterdrück' ich's gern."—
"Du bist des Todes, Bube, sprich!"
Ruft jener streng und fürchterlich.
"Wer hebt das Aug' zu Kunigonden?"
"Nun ja, ich spreche von dem Blonden."

IX.

"Er ist nicht hässlich von Gestalt,"
Fährt er mit Arglist fort,
Indem's den Gräfen heiss und kalt
Durchrieselt bei dem Wort.
"Ist's möglich Herr? Ihr saht es nie,
Wie er nur Augen hat für sie?
Bei Tafel eurer selbst nicht achtet,
An ihrem Stuhl gefesselt schmachtet?"

VIII.

" Yes; and 'tis what all tongues confess:
Dost thou not know it true?
But if his guilt thou wilt suppress,
I will conceal it too."—
" Quick answer me, or thou shalt die!
Who dares to lift his heart so high?"
His Lord in fearful fury utter'd;
"The fair-hair'd Page;" the huntsman mutter'd.

IX.

" He 's not ill-favour'd to behold;"
He thus pursued with art:
At every word, now hot, now cold
Became his Master's heart.
" Is't possible thou could'st not see
He gazed on her so doatingly?
At meals thy orders little booted,
To her chair only was he rooted.

X.

" Seht da die Verse, die er schrieb,
Und seine Glut gesteht"---
" Gesteht !"---" Und sie um Gegenlieb',
Der freche Bube ! fleht.
Die gnäd'ge Gräfin, sanft und weich,
Aus Mitleid wohl verbarg sie's euch,
Mich reuet jetzt, dass mir's entfahren,
Denn, Herr, was habt ihr zu befahren ?"

XI.

Da ritt in seines Zornes Wut
Der Graf in's nahe Holz,
Wo ihm in hoher Oefen Glut
Die Eisenstufe schmolz.
Hier nährten früh und spat den Brand
Die Knechte mit geschäft'ger Hand,
Der Funke sprüht, die Bälge blasen,
Als gält es Felsen zu verglasen.

X.

" Mark here the lines he dar'd to write,
And thus his flame confess'd :"—
" Confess'd !"---" And sought her to requite
The passion of his breast.
Thy Lady, e'en to thee alone,
In pity would not make it known :
I now repent I could reveal it ;
But why should'st thou so deeply feel it?"

XI.

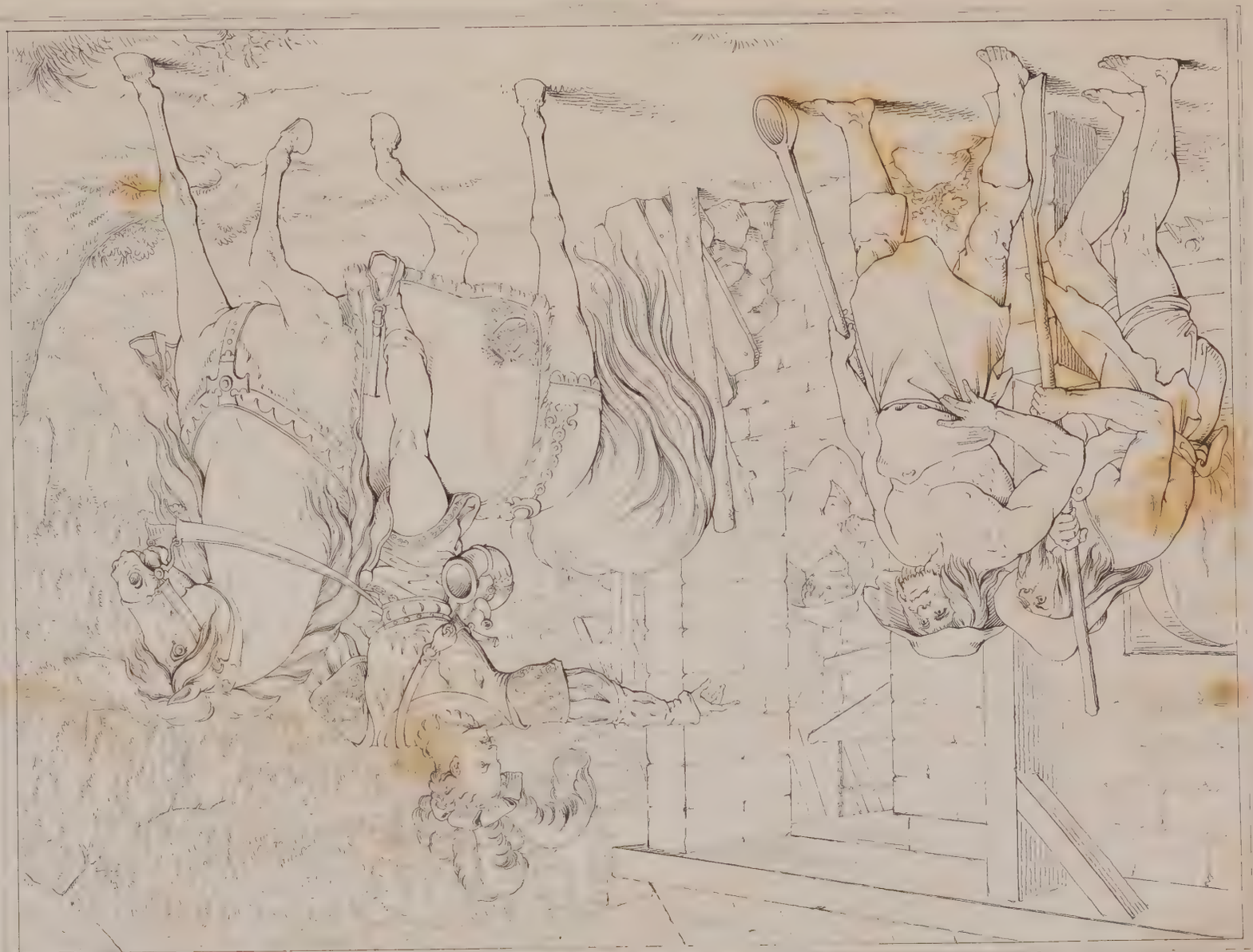
Savèrn into the forest rode,
His fury brook'd no more :
There in a lofty furnace glow'd
The molten iron ore.
The vassals, with a busy hand
To feed the fire around it stand :
Huge bellows blowing, sparks outflying,
As they the rocks were vitrifying.

XII.

Des Wassers und des Feuers Kraft
Verbündet sieht man hier,
Das Mühlrad von der Flut gerafft,
Umwälzt sich für und für.
Die Werke klappern Nacht und Tag,
Im Takte pocht der Hämmer Schlag,
Und bildsam von den mächt'gen Streichen
Muss selbst das Eisen sich erweichen.

XIII.

Und zweien Knechten winket er,
Bedeutet sie und sagt:
" Den ersten, den ich sende her,
Und der euch also fragt:
' Habt ihr befolgt des Herren Wort?'
Den werft mir in die Hölle dort,
Dass er zu Asche gleich vergehe,
Und ihn mein Aug nicht weiter sehe."



XII.

The fire's rage, the water's force,
  Were here united found:
The river in its rushing course
  The wheels whirl'd round and round.
The engines rattled day and night,
The hammers beat with measured might;
The stunning strokes repeated often
Compell'd the iron itself to soften.

XIII.

He beckon'd two: when they came near
  He thus imposed their task:—
"The first that shall approach ye here,
  And who shall also ask,
'Your Lord's hest have ye follow'd well?'
Thrust him within that burning hell,
The fire, to ash to burn him, double,
That he my sight no more may trouble!"

XIV.

Des freut sich das entmenschte Paar
Mit roher Henkerslust,
Denn fühllos wie das Eisen war
Das Herz in ihrer Brust.
Und frischer mit der Bälge Hauch
Erhitzen sie des Ofens Bauch,
Und schicken sich mit Mordverlangen
Das Todesopfer zu empfangen.

XV.

Drauf Robert zum Gesellen spricht
Mit falschem Heuchelschein:
"Frisch auf Gesell und säume nicht,
Der Herr begehret dein."
Der Herr, der spricht zu Fridolin:
"Musst gleich zum Eisenhammer hin,
Und frage mir die Knechte dorten,
Ob sie gethan nach meinen Worten?"

XIV.

With savage joy the eye-balls glar'd
  Of this inhuman pair;
Each heart within their breasts as hard
  As if it iron were.
They plied the labouring bellows fast,
The flames loud roar'd at every blast:
Thirsting for blood, as yet untasted,
For death's fell sacrifice they hasted.

XV.

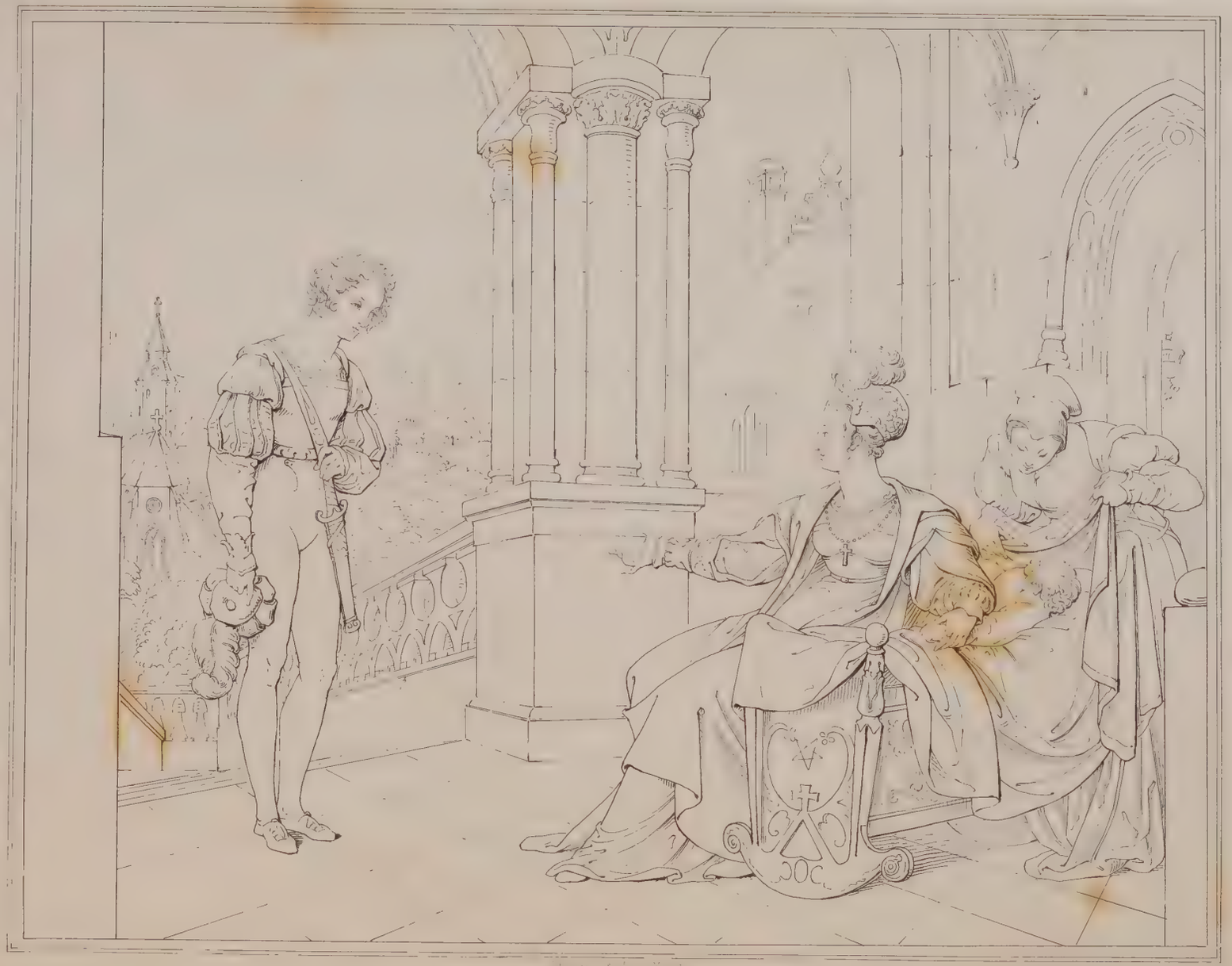
False Robert to the Page then said
  With dark hypocrisy;—
"Make speed, make speed, be not delay'd,
  My Lord hath need of thee."—
To Fridolin his master spake:—
"Thy way toward the Foundery take,
And ask of yonder furnace-warders
If they have yet fulfill'd my orders?"

XVI.

Und jener spricht: es soll geschehn,
Und macht sich flugs bereit.
Doch sinnend bleibt er plötslich stehn:
"Ob sie mir nichts gebeut?"
Und vor die Gräfin stellt er sich:
"Hinaus zum Hammer schickt man mich,
So sag, was kann ich dir verrichten?
Denn dir gehören meine Pflichten."

XVII.

Darauf die Dame von Savern
Versetst mit sanftem Ton:
"Die heil'ge Messe hört' ich gern,
Doch liegt mir krank der Sohn.
So gehe denn mein Kind und sprich
In Andacht ein Gebet für mich,
Und denkst du reuig deiner Sünden,
So lass auch mich die Gnade finden."



XVI.

The Page said :—" I obey thy will,"
And was prepared with speed ;
But thought while he was pausing still
" Will nought my Lady need?"
To her he went without delay :—
" Can I do aught upon the way ?
My Lord to yonder wood has sent me,
But first thy service should content me."

XVII.

The Lady said in gentle voice :—
" My son lies ill, alas !
Or in the church I should rejoice
To hear the holy Mass.
But go, my Page, to Mass, and there
Devoutly offer up thy prayer ;
Repent thy sins, and when thou 'rt shriven,
Let me too share the mercy given."

XVIII.

Und froh der vielwillkommnen Pflicht,
Macht er im Flug sich auf;
Hat noch des Dorfes Ende nicht
Erreicht im schnellen Lauf,
Da tönt ihm von dem Glockenstrang
Hellschlagend des Geläutes Klang,
Das alle Sünder, hochbegnadet,
Zum Sakramente festlich ladet.

XIX.

" Dem lieben Gotte weich nicht aus,
Find'st du ihn auf dem Weg!"—
Er spricht's und tritt ins Gotteshaus,
Kein Laut ist hier noch reg'.
Denn um die Ernte war's, und heiss
Im Felde glüht' der Schnitter Fleiss,
Kein Chorgehilfe war erschienen,
Die Messe kundig zu bedienen.

XVIII.

With joy the task he undertook
  And started on his road;
And ere the village he forsook
  That led to God's abode,
He heard the welcome peal of bells
High sounding over hills and dells,
Which every soul in sin benighted
To solemn Sacrament invited.

XIX.

"If God upon the way you meet,
  Shun not so high a grace!"
He said, and sought with reverend feet
  God's holy dwelling-place.
All there was still: the sun shone high
On the hot reaper's industry;
No choristers were met together
For service in the harvest weather.

XX.

Entschlossen ist er alsobald,
Und macht den Sacristan ;
" Das," spricht er, " ist kein Aufenthalt,
Was fördert himmelan."
Die Stola und das Cingulum
Hängt er dem Priester dienend um,
Bereitet hurtig die Gefässe,
Geheiliget zum Dienst der Messe.

XXI.

Und als er diess mit fleiss gethan,
Tritt er als Ministrant
Dem Priester zum Altar voran,
Das Messbuch in der Hand ;
Und knieet rechts und knieet links,
Und ist gewärtig jedes Winks,
Und als des SANCTUS Worte kamen,
Da schellt er dreimal dei dem Namen.

XX.

He soon resolv'd, not unprepar'd,
And Sacristan became:
"He who advances heavenward
Is not (thought he) to blame."
The stole and cincture for the waist
Upon the pious Priest he plac'd;
And in due order he proceeded
To bring the holy vessels needed.

XXI.

And when thus far his task was o'er,
The mass-book in his hand,
To th' altar walk'd he on before
And took below his stand.
He knelt him left, he knelt him right,
On every sign he kept his sight,
And with the *Sanctus* slow propounded,
At the dread name his bell thrice sounded.

XXII.

Drauf als der Priester fromm sich neigt
Und, zum Altar gewandt,
Den Gott, den gegenwärt'gen, zeigt,
In hocherhabner Hand,
Da kündet es der Sacristan
Mit hellem Glöcklein klingend an,
Und alles kniet und schl¨gt die Brüste,
Sich fromm bekreuzend vor dem Christe.

XXIII.

So übt er jedes pünktlich aus,
Mit schnell gewandtem Sinn,
Was Brauch ist in dem Gotteshaus,
Er hat es alles inn,
Und wird nicht müde bis zum Schluss,
Biss beim VOBISCUM DOMINUS
Der Priester zur Gemein' sich wendet,
Die heil'ge Handlung segnend endet.

XXII.

And when the holy Priest had bow'd
With all solemnity,
And shew'd the Host, the present God,
In hand uplifted high,
The Page, who knew his duty well,
Rang shrill and clear his little bell:
All beat their breasts, and kneeling lowly,
Cross'd them before the Saviour holy.

XXIII.

All was perform'd with punctual rite,
And in no part he err'd;
Whate'er is done before God's sight,
He knew it word for word.
He nought omitted serving thus
To the *Vobiscum Dominus*,
When blessing all the Priest descended,
And thus the holy service ended.

XXIV.

Da stellt er jedes wiederum
In Ordnung säuberlich,
Erst reinigt er das Heiligthum,
Und dann entfernt er sich,
Und eilt in des Gewissens Ruh
Den Eisenhütten heiter zu,
Spricht unterwegs, die Zahl zu fullen,
Zwolf Paternoster noch im Stillen.

XXV.

Und als er rauchen sieht den Schlot,
Und sieht die Knechte stehn,
Da ruft er: Was der Graf gebot,
Ihr Knechte, ist's geschehn?
Und grinzend zerren sie den Mund,
Und deuten in des Ofens Schlund:
"Der ist besorgt und aufgehoben,
Der Graf wird seine Diener loben."

XXIV.

Last put he all things careful by
In orderly array;
And, having cleans'd the Sanctuary,
He went upon his way.
With conscience clear and satisfied,
To the dark forest near he hied:
Twelve paternosters he repeated,
And silently the whole completed.

XXV.

And when he saw the furnace-smoke,
The warders grim at hand,
"Have ye (his master's words he spoke)
Fulfill'd your Lord's command?"—
With hideous and exulting grin
They cried, "He's safe enough within!"
And pointing 'mid the fiercest blazes,
"Our Lord will give his servants praises."

XXVI.

Die Antwort bringt er seinem Herrn
In schnellem Lauf zurück.
Als der ihn kommen sieht von fern,
Kaum traut er seinem Blick:
Unglücklicher! wo kommst du her?
"Vom Eisenhammer."---Nimmermehr!
So hast du dich im Lauf verspätet?
"Herr, nur so lang, bis ich gebetet."

XXVII.

"Denn als von eurem Angesicht
Ich heute ging, verzeiht!
Da fragt' ich erst, nach meiner Pflicht,
Bei der, die mir gebeut.
Die Messe, Herr, befahl sie mir
Zu horen; gern gehorcht' ich ihr,
Und sprach der Rosenkränze viere
Für euer Heil und für das ihre.

XXVI.

Back to Savèrn this answer brought
  The Page with speedy flight:
When his Lord saw him, as he thought,
  He scarce could trust his sight.
"Unhappy wretch! whence com'st thou—tell?"
"From yonder wood."—"Impossible!
What then upon the way delay'd thee?"—
"Only my prayers:—I then obey'd thee."

XXVII.

"When from thy sight I went this day,
  Forgive me that I err,
I ask'd the Lady I obey
  Could I do aught for her?
She order'd me the Mass to hear;
And glad I was, my Lord, for there
I spoke four rosaries, each disaster
To ward from her and thee, my Master."

XXVIII.

In tiefes Staunen sinket hier
Der Graf, entsetzet sich.
Und welche Antwort wurde dir
Am Eisenhammer? Sprich!
"Herr, dunkel war der Rede Sinn,
Zum Ofen wies man lachend hin:
Der ist besorgt und aufgehoben,
Der Graf wird seine Diener loben."

XXIX.

Und Robert? fällt der Graf ihm ein,
Es überläuft ihn kalt,
Sollt' er dir nicht begegnet seyn,
Ich sandt ihn doch zum Wald?
"Herr, nicht im Wald, nicht in der Flur
Fand ich von Robert eine Spur"---
Nun, ruft der Graf und steht vernichtet,
Gott selbst im Himmel hat gerichtet!

XXVIII.

Savèrn in deep astonishment
Could scarce the rest enquire :—
"Tell me (he cried) the message sent
Back from that place of fire?"
"The meaning 's dark (said Fridolin);
They told me 'He is safe within!'
And laughing pointed 'mid the blazes,
'Our Lord will give his servants praises.'"

XXIX.

"And, Robert?" ask'd his Lord again,
While cold ran back his blood;
"Did you not meet him on the plain?
I sent him to the wood."
"I met him not; in wood or lea
No trace of Robert could I see."
"'Tis judg'd by God himself!" in wonder
Exclaim'd Savèrn as struck by thunder.

XXX.

Und gütig, wie er nie gepflegt,
Nimmt er des Dieners Hand,
Bringt ihn der Gattin, tiefbewegt,
Die nichts davon verstand.
Diess Kind, kein Engel ist so rein,
Lasst's eurer Huld empfohlen seyn,
Wie schlimm wir auch berathen waren,
Mit dem ist Gott und seine Schaaren.

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XXX.

Then, as he was not wont whilere,
His Servant's hand he took,
And led him to his Lady near;
Unconscious was her look:
"This boy is more than Angel pure;
To him let me thy grace ensure:
To harm him were a vain endeavour:
God and his host protect him ever!"

REMARKS

ON

RETSCH'S OUTLINES

TO

FRIDOLIN.

The name of Morris Retsch is well known in this country from his spirited Outlines to Goëthe's Faustus: perhaps it is not too much to say, that to the celebrity that dramatic poem thus acquired in Great Britain, we are very mainly indebted for the translation recently published by Lord F. L. Gower.

The eight accompanying etchings by the same artist have been very lately printed in Germany, and though so wide a field was not here open to his fancy and ingenuity, Mr. Retsch has had an opportunity of displaying some qualifications, for which credit might not previously have been given him; while the whole series maintains the reputation he has already acquired in this department.

It has been said of the Outlines to Faustus, upon the authority we believe of one of the first sculptors in Europe, and who has himself published etchings of the same class, (though not perhaps of the same kind,) that the German artist left too little to the imagination—that he filled up too many of the details, and

carefully introduced at least every thing mentioned or hinted at by the poet. This remark is true; but that he has been wrong in being so minute, is still a question. A work of art must be tried, independent of general principles, by the object the artist has in view, and the rules he lays down to himself; and if the purpose of Mr. Retsch were to display the fertility of his own imagination, and not give so much room for the exercise of the same powers by those who contemplate his designs, we may complain that he has acted upon a mistaken system, but we must decide upon the merits of his performances with a due regard to what he intended to accomplish. In the course he has pursued it is obvious that Mr. Retsch runs additional hazard.

The subjects of these eight new Outlines are taken from a celebrated ballad by Schiller, called "Fridolin, or the Road to the Iron-foundery;" and on their appearance in Germany they were accompanied by critical descriptions from the pen of Mr. C. A. Boettiger. The poem itself is one of the most popular of the author's productions in this kind; and besides the striking contrasts afforded by its various parts, it is remarkable for the extremely artful manner in which the story is told, by which the strong interest arising from uncertainty is kept up to the very last stanza. Mr. Retsch has unavoidably followed a somewhat different course in his succession of plates; the artist could not tell the story in precisely the same order as the poet.

It appears that Mr. Retsch is engaged on a series of productions of the same sort from the various ballads of Schiller, and the eight etchings now before us may be looked upon as a specimen of what is to be expected from his pencil hereafter.

Not long subsequent to the first publication of "Fridolin," it became so great a favourite throughout Germany, that it was converted into a five-act play by Holbein, the director of the theatre at Prague; and during the fifteen years that followed, it was represented on most of the continental stages with great success, other authors making use of the same story. It was also set to music by C. F. Weber, master of the chapel at Berlin, and in this shape it was extremely popular. Mr. Boettiger informs us that the origin of the story is an Alsatian tradition, which Schiller learnt when at Manheim. The probable adherence to this *Volkssage*, as far as was at all convenient, will account for the mode in which the author has treated some incidents. We know of no similar narrative or ballad in English.

The First Plate introduces, as it were, all the characters of the drama, with the exception of the men of the Foundery, who could not be brought forward here.—In the fore-ground are the Lady of Savèrn and the pious page, kissing her hand as the reward of the fulfilment of that duty he thought he never could sufficiently discharge: the delicate manner in which he merely touches, not clasps, the hand of his mistress, ought not to be overlooked as indicating the purity of his thoughts towards her. Robert, the huntsman, is seen descending the steps, watching this innocent mark of approbation; envy and malice rankle in his breast, and he determines, if possible, to ruin the Lady and her page. This resolution is displayed by the clenching of his right hand, while the knawing of the fore-finger of his left shews the uneasiness of his bosom. Spenser, speaking of envy, which he there calls jealousy, says:—

"But gnawing Jealousy out of their sight,
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bite."
(F. Q. II. 7. 22.)

And though Retsch, in these mere Outlines, could not pourtray this minuter action, yet what he has represented is perfectly true to nature. The effect of all corrosive poisons is to produce a desire to gnaw; and in morals, as in physics, a similar inclination seems to be occasioned. In the half-distance is the nurse with the young heir upon her knees, directing his attention, through a window, to what is passing before his father in the court-yard below. The Lord of Savèrn, at the foot of a massive tower, is inspecting a horse; and there is great appropriateness in this occupation, not merely on account of the chivalrous manners of the age, but because the course of events requires that he should be preparing for the chase.

The action of the poem may be said to begin in the Second Outline, where the Lord of Savèrn has just alighted on his return from hunting, and Robert, standing half behind and half on one side, is "sowing the seeds of suspicion in his bosom," and pointing to the battlements, whereon are seen the Lady with her child in her arms, followed by Fridolin. This is a point of confirmation not touched in the ballad. The scene lies in what, in Castellan architecture, is called the outer-bailey, where all is bustle and business. The Lord's horse is in the act of being led away, and the groom carries the falcon on his fist. Further back are other attendants with cross-bows, and with their horses laden with the spoils of the day. The wearied dogs fill up various parts of the picture.

The Third Etching is the exterior of the Iron-foundery, to

which the Lord of Savèrn had ridden through the forest in order to prepare his vengeance. His noble steed seems alarmed at the fearful appearance of the two men

> "Of grisly hue and foul ill-favour'd sight."

Mr. Retsch excels in his delineations of horses, and that in this plate is a fine specimen of his skill: "his neck is clothed with thunder," and "the glory of his nostrils is terrible." This noble animal embodies Shakspeare's celebrated description in "Venus and Adonis:"—

> "Look when a painter would surpass the life
> In limning out a well proportion'd steed;" &c.

or that less known, but remarkably similar, by Pulci, in canto XV. of his *Morgante Maggiore*:—

> *Piccola testa, e in bocca molto fesso,*
> *Un occhio vivo, una rosetta in fronte;*
> *Larghe le nari, &c.*

The figures of the two warders of the Furnace are highly characteristic: they look most odiously unfeeling and brutal.

The group of the mother, the child, and the attendant, in the Fourth of this Series is extremely beautiful; and those who are accustomed to observe such matters (and who that at all understands paintings is not?) will remark the skill, taste, and truth with which the drapery is managed; to say nothing of the maternal anxiety on the delicate features of the Lady, and the tender assiduity on those of the nurse. Inferior as modern artists generally are to their predecessors both of Italy and

Flanders, in most respects, there is perhaps nothing in which their inferiority is more obvious, than in the delineation and disposition of drapery; and for this plain reason, that the painters of our own day too seldom draw from the actual objects. The plate under consideration clearly tells its own story. The sick child, as Mr. Boettiger observes, has been brought out into the gallery for the benefit of the sun and air. We cannot agree in his observation upon the star at the end of the cradle: if Mr. Retsch meant it for a pentagram, the sign of the Pythagorian Hygeia, he has injudiciously mixed Pagan and Christian ornaments, for the cross is also to be found in the same place. It is probably merely a fanciful notion on the part of the critic; for we see no appropriateness in fixing a Pagan emblem denoting health upon the sick cradle of a pious Catholic. In the distance is the chapel where the page was desired to offer up his prayers, and further still the artist has shewn with great judgment the smoke of the foundery rising above the forest.

The time chosen in the Fifth Plate is when the priest is elevating the Host in sight of the kneeling congregation, the page attending with his mass-book and little bell as sacristan; an office usually filled by one of the choristers. As it was harvest-time, when even the choristers were absent from their sacred duty, taking advantage of the season, it will be observed that the persons assembled are only the sick and lame, or women and little children incapable of work.

The Sixth Outline, in its kind, is a very striking and masterly performance: unlike those that precede and those that follow, it has nothing tender, nothing touching, nothing graceful about

it; all is terror, unmixed even with pity. Mr. Retsch has here displayed the variety of his powers, and the force with which he can pourtray the fiercer passions, and the human frame in a taste of the utmost exertion. The two men who received the order from their Lord are here thrusting the huntsman Robert into the furnace. We may perhaps be hypercritical, but it seems to us that the lower part of the figure of the huntsman is deficient in energy; he is making no use of his legs in the life-struggle with his antagonists, though their iron grasp would certainly be sufficient to prevent his moving them with any effect.

The next Plate, the Seventh, is immediately connected with the last; the principal characters introduced are the two warders of the Furnace and the page, who, reaching the Foundery late, unsuspectingly enquires whether the orders of the Lord of Savèrn had been executed. The reply was of course unintelligible to Fridolin, who knew nothing of the nature of the command they had received. It appears that just before he enters they were about to throw a quantity of fresh ore into the furnace; and some may regret that this operation had not been completed; for then the yet unconsumed foot of the huntsman would not have been visible: it does not add to the general effect, and might have been seen by the page, whereby a portion of the beauty of the story would have been destroyed, as it must have given Fridolin a knowledge of the guilt of his master.

We are now arrived at the conclusion of the ballad or romance. Between the seventh and the eighth etching the whole

mystery has been explained; though the Lady and her Page are in the dark as to what had so deeply moved the Lord of Savèrn. The three figures form an interesting and a singularly graceful group. The Lord may by this time be supposed to have subdued in a great degree the feelings that had agitated him at the first sight of Fridolin, whom he had sent to the Foundery, designing that he should never return. Too much praise cannot be given to the expression of the features of Fridolin:—

Quasi dicesse, "Io ti disubbidie;"

as Pulci says, speaking of Adam's repentant look at his Creator, (C. xviii, st. 80.) Having asked forgiveness of his master for not going directly to the Foundery, he appeals to his mistress for some justification in attending Mass. The figures of the mother and child are not the least attractive.

As we have not seen any original on which Schiller modelled his production, though confessedly a traditional story, we do not know how far he has adopted the names which the *Volkssage* supplied, or has introduced others of his own choice. We take it for granted that the title of the Lord of Savèrn has been preserved by him; but whether his Lady was called Cunigunda, may be questionable. That it was by no means uncommon in those times, there is abundant proof; but we wish, for the sake of English ears principally, that he had altered it or not selected it. Voltaire's "Candide" may not be as popular in Germany as in Great Britain, but that novel will always have the effect among us of connecting ludicrous associations with the appellation given to the Lady of Savèrn. It is to be re-

marked, that Schiller only introduces it once; and as it was not at all necessary to the clear understanding of the narrative, in our translation we have taken the liberty of omitting it entirely.* With regard to that translation, the author of it has only to observe, that he has endeavoured to make it as like the original as possible, both in the measure and the manner.

Mr. Boettiger winds up his critical remarks upon this new effort of Mr. Retsch by some historical facts and observations on ballads and romances. Many, if not most of these, are drawn from Percy's Relics and Sir Walter Scott's Minstrelsy; so that the reader in this country would be furnished with very little that is new, were we to translate them.

* Yet he seems to have had a partiality for the name, as it is borne by his heroine in the ballad of *Der Handschuh.*

THE END.

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